THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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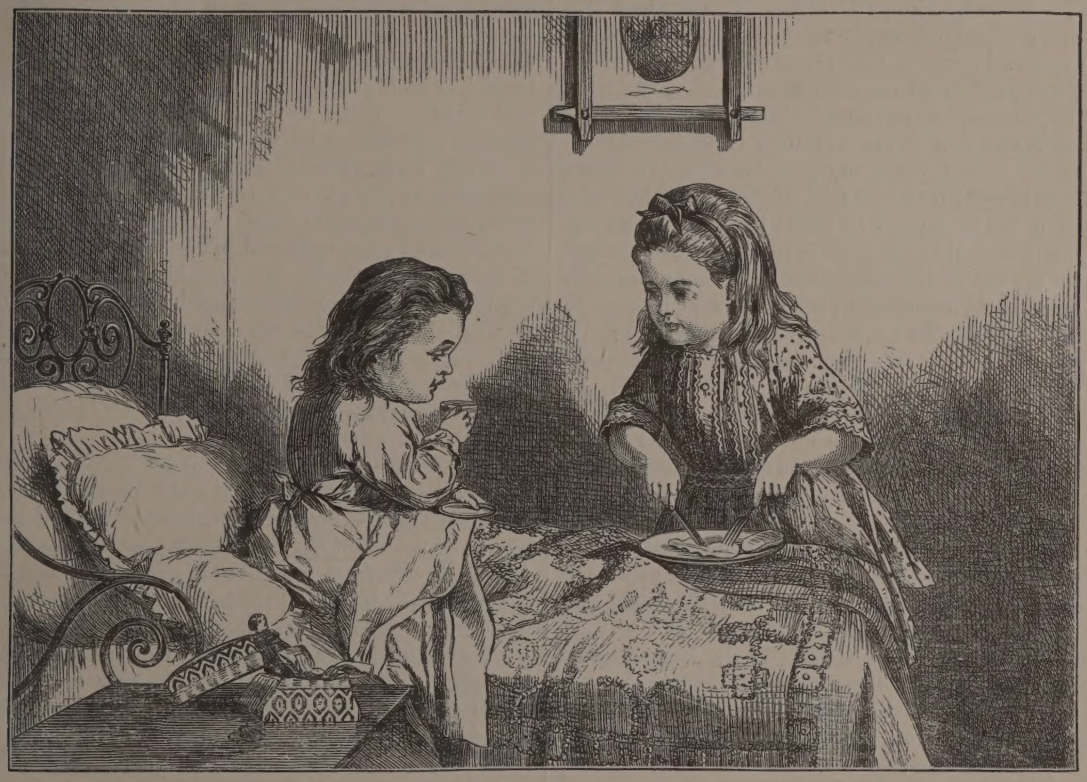


THE SICK GIRL AND HER NURSE.

THE name of the little girl you see in bed is Mary Brown. She had often been told by her mother that she must never, when heated, stand still where a cold current of air would blow upon her. But Mary was careless, and soon forgot what her mother said. One chilly day she went out and drove hoop until she was heated through. While in this condition she caught sight of a hand-organ man with a monkey. She was delighted, and ran near to them and stood for ten minutes or more where the cold wind blew upon her. She took cold, and soon was sick in bed. During Mary's sickness her sister Annie was her nurse and companion. She brought her meals to her, and gave her water when thirsty. When the doctor said Mary might go out of doors again she was happy, and so were all her friends. She means to be careful and mind her mother in the future; and we think she will.

For The Dayspring.

MICKY MOLLOY.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

MICKY MOLLOY had never been very hungry, but he had never eaten enough; nor had he ever been very cold in winter, though he had never been very warm. He had been born in one alley and had lived in several others, in their attics and cellars, but never in the middle of their houses; he had once been out of town on a grand City Picnic, and never wished to go again unless in a steamboat. He had no relations except his mother, and had loved her with all his heart till he grew up. Now he was eight years old, and since he had begun to be so big he had been left most of the time to take care of himself.

When he was a baby his mother loved him dearly, and stayed at home to take care of him and do some washing; and when she carried back the clothes she

generally brought him a little block of wood or a broken toy or a torn picture-book, so that he was glad to have her leave him for an hour all alone locked into the room, as he knew he would have a better time when she returned. Then she took him in her lap and played with him and told him stories till their little fire went out, and they both fell asleep with their arms round each other. He had never forgotten those days, and wished that now his mother did not go out to do washing, leaving his dinner for him to eat alone. He went back and forth to school, was one of the best boys in the class; but spent all his spare time round the wharves, looking at the ships and studying their rigging.

One Christmas he had a whole, large, sharp jack-knife given him, which never had been used before. He begged some soft pine of a carpenter and began to make a sloop, and did it so well that the carpenter's little girl made a sail for it; and he would have been perfectly happy if he could have gone to sea in it. He lounged round the sailors' boarding-houses, and heard them talk of other lands, and thought it must be very pleasant to go about in one's own house, for a ship was to him a house without attic or cellar, where all lived alike, and in which you travelled for the sake of fun. When he told his mother of his fancies she hugged him tighter at night but left him again the next morning. Even he could see that she was thinner and quieter than she used to be, and that sometimes she looked very wild, though she said nothing.

For a week they had had less than usual to eat; when coming home one morning from school he found his mother waiting in the alley for him, and taking him by the hand she asked him if he would like to walk up to the "Common." As this was a long distance off and he had been there only on holidays, he was much surprised; but putting his little hand in hers he started to go with her, wondering what was the matter. Every now and then she pressed him close to her side, then hurried on all the faster till at last they reached a street opposite the Park. There she put her hands on his shoulders, looked down into his eyes, kissed them, kissed his forehead, his cheeks, and his lips, and then turned, — how, where, he knew not, but he could neither see nor find her. He was a very patient little fellow, so he waited for her to come back, and wandered round the corners, keeping his gaze fastened on the spot where she had left him. One, two, three, four hours went slowly by. He had been very hungry, but he had got over that feeling; he was now too puzzled to want any food. Twice the policeman told him to go home, and the third time he went. He lost his way and it was dark when he came to his alley, darker still in his attic, and no mother. His courage gave way, and he burst out sobbing, "Mamma, my mamma!"

A kind woman in the next room came to him and comforted him and gave him some warm milk and a piece of pie, and he cuddled down into her straw bed and dreamt of going in a ship to find his mother. The next morning she told him to bring all his things to her for safe-keeping. He found his clothes laid together, washed and mended, and in one jacket pocket his mother's old Catholic prayer-book, and in the other her old purse with a dollar in change and a gold ring that she had always worn. At first he could not comprehend it; but gradually it dawned upon him that she meant these things for him, and as her dress and three or four other articles were also gone, he wondered if she sold them for this dollar. Still he felt sure she would come back. Days passed without her; he had cried himself too sick to go to school. His only comfort was to creep into a corner of the wharf behind some barrels and there sit and look out on the water.

By and by the truant-officer kindly insisted on his going back to school. No one said anything to him there, and it was not as hard to return as he feared. He gradually grew calm and silent and brave again. The old lady petted him and gave him better things to eat than he had ever before tasted, and a chisel, hammer, nails, and plenty of wood, so that he made boats that could actually sail, and she rigged them for him. Thus he became used to being without his mother; but he said her prayers and kissed her ring every night, and they kept him a very good boy.

He had been with his new friend a year when her son in California sent for her to come to him. What could she do with her grandson, as she called Micky? She could not afford to take him, nor bear to leave him. Luckily her daughter who lived in the country wanted a boy to help her about the house, and she offered to keep Mike. He was very unhappy at this new change; but then he said it was better than going to an asylum. However, at the mention of a river near the house where he could sail all the boats he had made, his thoughts brightened, and while the old lady packed her trunk and sold her stove, bed, bureau, and dishes, he took down his masts, put all his fleet into a box, and tied it up with innumerable pieces of string fastened together. He went with her to the cars and gave her a roll of peppermint lozenges and a little boat made out of a peanut shell, with a paper sail, thanked her for all her never-to-be-forgotten goodness, and then turned back to his new home.

He soon learned to love the daughter almost as much as he had her mother. He grew fat and strong, split the wood and made the fire, washed the dishes and fed the hens, thought geography at his new school was better than any story he had ever read, and was delighted to know that three fourths of the surface of the globe was water. But the absent mother and son sent for the daughter and her husband to come to California, and Mike again was adrift at ten years old. A farmer down East wrote that he would take him, promising him a big pond instead of a narrow river. So the poor boy was compelled to take what seemed his only chance of a home.

Here he had to work hard, dig potatoes, drive home the cows, and keep the wood-pile in order, which was a most provoking job. Putting one stick straight pulled down a dozen others. He had no time to make boats, and still less to sail them. His employer was not unkind; but he seemed to forget that boys can't work all day and be as happy or as well as if they had some time for play. "Micky could do what he pleased in the evenings," he said; but if the boy had to be up early, he was too tired to sit up to do then as he chose. Yet it was good experience for him; he learned what self-reliance and industry meant, and was forming habits of punctuality and obedience that helped him all his after life.

He had been there nearly eighteen months when a travelling company came to the village and played "Pinafore." The farmer and his whole family went to see the performance. Micky's old fondness for the sea revived; he longed to belong to the company, to "Pinafore," to a ship of his own. By dint of much coaxing and promises of extra work on his part, the farmer let him go twice, and then the troupe disappeared. Not so its effect: Micky kept to his word and did his work; but he so longed to be near the sea and became so moody that the farmer one day said in jest, —

"I've a great mind to send you off, if any one would take you. I don't want long faces round me."

"I'll take him," said the miller, who happened to be in the yard when this was said. "My mill is near the bay, and I can make him of use."

"Done," replied the farmer.

"Have him ready, and I'll fetch him up as I come along back."

And so before either the farmer, the miller, or Micky realized what had been done, the boy was transferred to another's ownership. When it came to the parting the farmer's rough kindness mastered him.

"I'm mighty sorry to let you go; kinder wish he hadn't taken me up so quick. 'T warn't fair; but don't go back on a job. I ain't that kind. All is, you come straight back to me ef you don't get along fust rate. You've done a power of work here, and I hain't never said as much as 'Thank you.' Guess I shall feel sorter better ef I make it up to you now, and you're the kind that can be trusted. There, go along, put this in your pocket, and here's some of my boy's clothes."

Micky looked at his five-dollar bill in amazement and then at the old man, whose voice was trembling.

"Never knew I had a boy? Wall, I never meant you should; the words kinder surprised me. But ef you are a going to have his jacket, I reckon you'd find it out. He was just your size; but it's a heap of years ago. The old woman and me were young then. Go 'long with you, see you don't tell the miller. Keep close."

"Wish I'd known it. I'd never have left you for the sea," said Micky sadly.

"Yes you would. I've seen it cropping out of you. 'T ain't no news to me. Go 'long; there are his wheels."

Micky squeezed his hands and jumped on the wagon — to go, he hardly knew where; but with a mournful feeling that he was wanted because he was of service, and not because any home or people were his.

Life at the mill was not very pleasant, he found, and everybody made him of use; and somehow the sight of the bay and the money in his pocket put new ideas in his head. The mill hands told him the miller never kept boys long; he got tired of them, or they of him. The prospect of another change still further perplexed his mind; he felt he could not go back to farming, nor would he stay at the mill and be the errand-boy of it and the mill-owner's family also, and be told to do twenty different things in one hour. One night, as he was lying awake thinking, a word, rather than an idea, popped into his head. It was *navy*. Then he saw his distant future clear before him, and the road to it lay through the use of those five dollars.

It took some courage to tell his employer that he was going to leave. How he wished that he had some one to talk to! He was sure the farmer would laugh at him. No, he rather send a good-by when on shipboard, and the miller, he guessed, would be angry and send him away at once if he talked of the sea. And so it turned out. The miller was irate, and told him he better take the next train to Boston, and Micky did.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the city with his little bundle, which now held only one of his beloved miniature ships. He went out of the depot and through the streets with a dim sense of having been there before. It all rushed over him, — his loneliness, the vastness of the city, his mother gone, his four homes since she had left him, yet no one to own him. Where should he go? What should he do? He saw a policeman coming. He remembered that sometimes they were kind; this man looked very kind. He walked up to him, saying, "Please, sir, tell me where I can sleep to-night."

"Have n't you got a home? Where do you belong?" was the answer.

"Nowhere. I've come from the country," said Micky.

The policeman turned him roughly round, but softened as he looked at his clean, intelligent, gentle face.

"A run-away, eh?"

"No," said Micky indignantly. "But I ain't any one's boy. I've been working, and I left to go to sea, and told 'em so."

The policeman looked up and down the street as if to search for help, till his eye fell upon the huge sign of a society which took care of children. "That 's the place," said he. "I'll take you in there, and the gentleman will help you if it is all right. Come on."

On Micky went, up the steps and into the office, wishing he were back again on the farm. A noble-looking

man in gray clothes came forward, to whom he found it easy to tell his story, — that he wished to go into the navy, and had come to the city for that purpose. There was something in his manner that impelled belief in his honesty and induced Mr. Yaf to send him to the "Home" for two or three days, while he wrote to the farmer and the miller to inquire about him, and asked if either would consent to be his legal guardian, as some one must become such in order to have him enter the navy. Both refused, though they wished Micky well, and thought it was the best thing he could do.

Poor Micky was utterly downcast when this news came. His dream of happiness was as far off as ever, and yet here he was so near to the ships. The more Mr. Yaf questioned him the more inclined he grew to be his guardian himself, and at last he was appointed by the Probate Court to that position. Then he took Micky with him, and they went over to the Recruiting Ship at the Charlestown Navy-yard. There Micky was examined by the surgeon of the ship and pronounced fit for the service. Mr. Yaf took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and not to interfere in any manner with Micky's duties to his country or his officers, and Micky swore also to support the Constitution and to stay in the navy till he was twenty-one. As he signed his name he put down the pen very solemnly, and, turning to Mr. Yaf, said, in broken tones, —

"*Now, at last, I belong to some one.* Uncle Sam owns me till I am twenty-one. Perhaps then I may find my mother." The excitement and the joy and the remembrance of former pain overcame him, and for a few instants his body shook with heavy sobs. He quickly grew calm again, and pulling a letter out of his pocket he asked Mr. Yaf to send it to the farmer as his good-by; and Mr. Yaf in turn produced a little bundle of underwear, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, candy, and writing paper for the boy, who could not speak from pleasure which shone all over his face, as he felt that Mr. Yaf also owned him, and had given this present for love's sake, and not because he had been of use. His past life lay behind him; and the new life was to begin in sailor's dress at Newport, on board the school-ship Constitution, his home. His mother's ring and prayer-book were all of the old life that he bore with him into the new.

LOVE MADE IT EASY.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Is n't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It is n't hard when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

Y.

When, his long voyage wellnigh o'er,
The seaman hails the welcome shore, —
So near, a stone might almost reach,
Thrown from his hand, the sheltered beach, —
At that last moment (cruel fate!)
Grim rocks will sometimes lie in wait
(Threatening, so close to port, to make
His home-bound bark a sudden wreck),
Like those of evil name that lay
Once in Manhattan's lovely bay.
So, gentle reader, as we here
Behold our journey's end so near,
With apprehension you and I,
Arrested, view the letter Y.
And, then, a little way ahead,
More dreadful frowns the final Zed.
But shall our courage fail us? No!
Hope 's at the helm, and in we go.
Lo! *Yellow-jacket* comes to view
Offering to be our pilot through.
The rogue! he can't deceive our eyes,
We know him through his thin disguise;
We tried him once, — yes, 't is the same:
He 's *Hornet* by another name.
So, Mr. Hornet, step aside!
We must look further for a guide.

There is a class of insects, known
To farmers, and not them alone;
To millers also, housewives too,
They give a deal of work to do;
They 're called *Yponomeutadæ*,
A startling name, you 'll all agree;
'T is hard to spell and hard to speak,
Its etymology is Greek;
The word, as found in Greek definers,
Means literally, *underminers*.
They are, in short, the Bible *moths*
That eat their way through corn and cloths.
These tiny creatures well may be
Called by the Romans, *Tineæ*.
In granaries and in beehives, too,
Their depredations you may view.
They build their cells in hives, and teaze
And bother so the industrious bees,
They sometimes actually drive
The entire swarm out of the hive.
In human doings, when we see
Destructive ingenuity,
We say, such skill in breaking laws
Was worthy of a better cause.
But then these creatures simply do
What God and nature teach them to.
Like man they, too, to live must eat,
But kill no animals for meat.

C. T. B.

Have a care of your temper. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it.

ALICE AND ARTHUR.

FATHER and mother were away, and Bridget was busy in the kitchen; Alice and Arthur amused themselves for some time with their kaleidoscope and transparent slate and sliced birds and sliced animals and sliced objects; but at length they grew tired of these things which they had looked at and played with many times before, and began to wish that they could do something new.

"I wish we could do something that would be real fun," said Alice.

"I know what we can do," said Arthur. "We can go to the bath-room and turn the faucets, and let the water run into the tub, and fill it real full; then we can float things, and play they are ships and boats."

"We should get wet doing that," said Alice, "and then mother would know what we had been doing, and punish us. You know she did punish us once for playing with water when she was away."

"Well, I am going to do something," said Arthur.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Alice. "We can play dress up and walk out. Father and mother won't know it, for we can put up the things before they get back."

"But perhaps Bridget will see us and tell mother," said Arthur.

"Oh no, she won't," said Alice; "she will only laugh at the fun."

So the children played "dress up and walk out." Alice got her mother's best bonnet and shawl, and parasol and shopping-bag, and Arthur got his father's best hat and cane. They walked the sitting-room floor for a while, greatly to their own amusement and the astonishment of the cat and the dog. It was not long, however, before Arthur fell down and made a big dent in his father's hat, and Alice caught the parasol in the feathers of her mother's bonnet and pulled one of them out. Just then father and mother came and caught the two rogues in the midst of their mischief. Our readers can guess what happened next, and that Alice and Arthur learned that such kind of fun don't pay.

For The Dayspring.

JAMES'S CHESTNUTTING PARTY.

BY ANNA J. HUIDEKOPER.

"JAMES," said Mrs. McPherson, as her son came running into the house after school one Friday afternoon, "before you go to your Ball Club I wish you would just take this jelly around to Mrs. Goodale's for me." "Why," answered James, "I can do that just as well as not, for I was going to see Fred about something; he has left school so quickly for the last week I have n't had a chance to speak to him, and he has stayed in at recess too, — to study, I guess."

"I suppose," said Mrs. McPherson, "he goes home to help his mother. She has been sick; and his sister has a sprained ankle, so she can do very little for her."

"Oh! we are just going to have a lovely time to-morrow," continued James, playing ball with his hat, as he

followed his mother into the pantry, where she went for the jelly, "just an elegant time; for there have been two heavy frosts this week, and the chestnut burrs are opening beautifully. Besides, Farmer Smedley has invited us boys out to his place to get all the nuts and apples we want. We fellows mean to have some fun to-morrow, so we are going to make believe we are a band of scouts; and the fellows all say I'm such a good climber that I *must* be the captain, — and — oh! say, mother, can't I have one of those cookies in that jar there?" added James, suddenly forgetting his delight over the projected chestnutting party.

James took the tumbler of jelly from his mother, and started off on a quick walk to Mrs. Goodale's.

As he wished to see Fred alone, he went to the front door and lifted the great brass knocker. Fred soon appeared, and told him to sit down on the steps while he took the jelly to his mother.

When he returned James said, "I 've got something nice to tell you. Did you know Farmer Smedley had invited all our class to come to his woods to-morrow and pick chestnuts? We are going out there as if we were scouts; and I 'm to be captain, and we want you to come around to the ball ground this afternoon, so we can get it all arranged. Farmer Smedley told us to come early, and not mind about lunch baskets. Now go get your hat and come along," said James, quite out of breath, having delivered himself of this speech so rapidly.

"I wish I could," answered Fred, a cloud of disappointment passing over his face, but not resting there; "but then I can't, so there is no use talking. What a nice time you will have; Farmer Smedley is the kindest man that ever lived."

"But why can't you go?" said James, looking very much astonished. "I thought you liked to go chestnutting better than anything else. Sam said you were one of the fellows we could count on. What is the matter? you 're not mad about anything?"

"What an idea!" said Fred, laughing; "who said I was? I 'll tell you just how it is. Mother is sick, you know; and she has so much headache she likes to be alone, and can't talk; and, as the girl is busy about the house, Amy gets very tired being by herself so much. So I sit and amuse her in the afternoons for a while, for in such pleasant weather her girl friends like to be out doors, and don't stay long when they come to see her. To-morrow the girls will be nutting, and Amy would get so tired if I left her all day; for she is only nine, you know, and does n't like to read to herself very much. But come, you must go, for the boys will be waiting for you."

"Well," said James, rising slowly, "I guess I better go. I wish we could fix it somehow."

"I 'll just have to wait till next year, I suppose," said Fred, trying to look cheerful. "The doctor says Amy can't walk on her foot for a month, and mother is going to the seashore for a while, so she will be more alone than ever. Good-by; hope you 'll have a real jolly time," added he, as James took up his hat and started for the gate.

"Why, what 's the matter? You look as solemn as a funeral," exclaimed the boys, as James walked into the ball ground.

"I 've just been round to see Fred Goodale, and he says he can't possibly go with us to-morrow. I think it is too bad."

"Why, Fred is just the smart fellow when there is going to be any fun," wailed one boy.

"Yes, because he is never a bit mean," added another; "it won't be nice at all without him." The boys sat looking at one another, forgetting about their game, till James remarked that if they were to play they must begin, for it was getting late.

As they broke up after one game, for there did n't seem to be much spirit in it this afternoon, they called out to each other, "Don't forget we must all be here with our bags exactly at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

James walked very slowly after the boys left him, and seemed to be thinking of something that took all his thoughts, for he never lifted his eyes from the ground till he reached his own gate.

Downstairs the house seemed empty; so he went up into his mother's room to find her, but she was out. Passing his sister's door he saw her busy, — learning something evidently, for her book was turned down in her lap, and she was rubbing her hand over her forehead.

"Sister, what are you doing?" demanded James, entering the room.

"Trying to learn my Sunday-school lesson well, so I shall not forget it to-morrow while I am off having such a good time in the woods. You know we are going on a picnic to-morrow."

"So are we," replied James; "that is, most of us. Fred Goodale can't; that is, he says he can't, but he will," added he under his breath.

"What do you mean?" asked his sister.

"O nothing," said James hurriedly. "What is the golden text for next Sunday?"

"Here it is, and I wish you would explain it to me; for mother is n't at home, and I don't quite understand it." 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"Why, we had that in our class last year," said James. "Let me see, — what did our teacher say it meant? I think it means that we *must n't* be afraid *to give*. I remember our teacher said it did not mean just clothes and food and all that sort of thing, but kind words, kind deeds, or anything that can be given. It won't always be given back to us by the same person, but some time, when we need it very much, some one else will give us something like it that we need more.

"It is a Bible way of telling us not to be always looking out to see whether a thing pays before we do it, but do it, and a good while after we will be glad we did it. It is another Golden Rule, and means *be unselfish*."

"It is n't always easy though," added James, as he went out of the room; "and," he continued to himself, "I 'm a pretty slim kind of a chap if I can't do it this once. I 'll miss lots of fun, but then, if I had been taking care of my sister for a week, how would I feel?"

In the evening James seemed in very good spirits, played checkers with his sister, and listened to an article his father read that tired him; but still he did his best to understand it, and then went promptly to bed at nine.

The next morning the sun came up bright and clear, and everything else was just right for a day in the woods.

At breakfast James remarked, as he was leaving the room: "Father, if you want me to help you for part of the morning at the office I can, for I am not going with the boys nutting." He closed the door so quickly they got no chance to ask him why he was n't going.

"He is up to something," said his mother, "for he was wild with delight yesterday at the idea of going to Farmer Smedley's."

At half-past eight, much to his amazement, Fred saw James come up the walk, with a book under his arm, and a bottle of mucilage in his hand.

"Well, Fred," said James, "you know I am captain this morning, and every boy must mind me. Now I have come to order you to get your hat and bag and join the boys on the Green. I wish you to go in my place, and I will see that your sister does n't get lonely."

Fred said he would n't, and could n't, and a great deal more. It made no difference. James took him by the arm and, after speaking to his mother, simply made him go.

The boys cheered when they saw him coming, and cheered again when they learned why. They were sorry to lose James; but he said, "Let Fred take my place," and ran off as fast as he could.

When Fred returned in the evening he said he never had such a glorious time; and Amy said it could n't have been better than hers, for James, the scrap-book, and story had kept her busy and happy half the morning and all the afternoon.

I WILL NOT.

"I WILL NOT," said a little boy stoutly, as I passed along. The tone of his voice struck me.

"What won't you do?" I stopped to ask.

"That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't," he answered, in the same resolute tone.

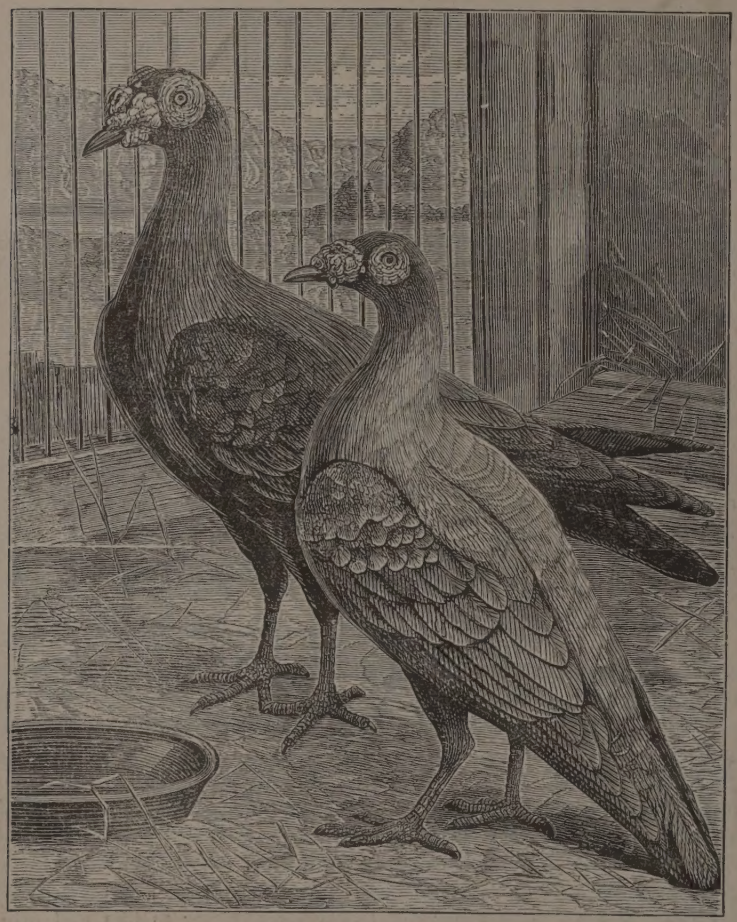
The little boy is on the right track. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. He will, I feel sure. — *Selected.*

A MAN'S virtuous actions are his best monument.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.

HERE you see a little French girl whose name is Fanchette. She belongs to a large family, and her parents are poor. Her father works in the woods about three miles from home, and Fanchette goes every day to carry his dinner to him, and bring back a bundle of fagots. You see her on her lonely walk home. Her feet are bare, and her clothing scant. She has a bundle of fagots in her right hand, and a large basket on her left arm. She is tired and, perhaps, hungry too; but she does not forget to be kind, and that she must do what she can to make others happy. Her little sister Marie is too sick to go out of doors, and Fanchette is taking to her an apron full of flowers which she found by the wayside. How pleased Marie will be with them, and how happy father and mother and all the family will be to know that Fanchette is so kind and thoughtful a girl! What a good lesson Fanchette teaches all of us! How many chances all of us have to do good, if we only will.

A VERY pretty idea children have in Germany, of forming themselves into societies for the protection of animals and the preservation of plants. They all agree not to steal birds' eggs, or to destroy their nests; not to tread on the plants, or tear the roots out of the moist, warm earth, and leave them to wither and die; not to beat the cows and horses, or throw stones at the chickens.



CARRIER PIGEONS.

PIGEONS are used in many places to carry letters or light objects. A particular kind, larger than common, is trained for the purpose, and in some countries the rearing of them is a source of profit, though the electric telegraph has done much to put a stop to the business.

The instinct which has made the carrier pigeon of so much use is the strong desire shown by all pigeons to return to their own homes; and man has contrived in various ways to make their return on particular occasions more certain. For instance, a male and female are usually kept together and treated well; and one of these, when taken elsewhere, is supposed to have the greater desire to come back. Sometimes the bird is made to leave eggs or unfledged young ones at home in order to make the return certain.

The carrier pigeon, when used to carry letters, must have been taken from a place to which it is wished that it should return; and it must, at the moment when its services are wanted, be at the place from which the letter is to be conveyed. It is usually taken to that place hoodwinked, or in a covered basket. When the moment for employing it has arrived, you write a small billet upon thin paper, which is placed lengthwise under the wing, and fastened by a pin to one of its feathers. But you must take care to prevent the pin from pricking and the paper from filling with air.

On being released the carrier mounts to a great height, takes one or two turns in the air, and then begins its forward journey at the rate of forty miles in the hour.

During the siege of Paris letters were frequently sent by carrier pigeons to distant places with news. The news was photographed, so that quite a long letter could be put on an inch square of paper. Of course, it required a powerful magnifying glass to read such letters. — *The Nursery.*

NEW MANUALS.

THREE new manuals have recently been published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society: "Lessons in Ethics," Part I., by Kate Gannett Wells; "The History of the Religion of Israel; an Old Testament Primer," by Prof. C. H. Toy; and "First Lessons on the Bible," by Rev. E. H. Hall. Every minister, superintendent, and teacher should examine these books.

A HARVEST SERVICE.

THE "Service of Thanksgiving for the Harvest," prepared by Rev. C. W. Wendte, is selling rapidly and is much liked. We hope it will be used by all our congregations and Sunday-schools.

BOUND VOLUMES.

BOUND volumes of the "Dayspring," for the years 1874–81, are for sale at the office of publication, at the low price of *fifty cents* a volume.

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